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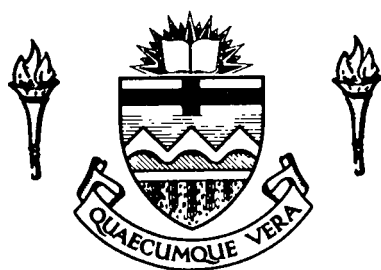
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The Story of  
**T. FAITH'S**

*By Marguerita Fowler*

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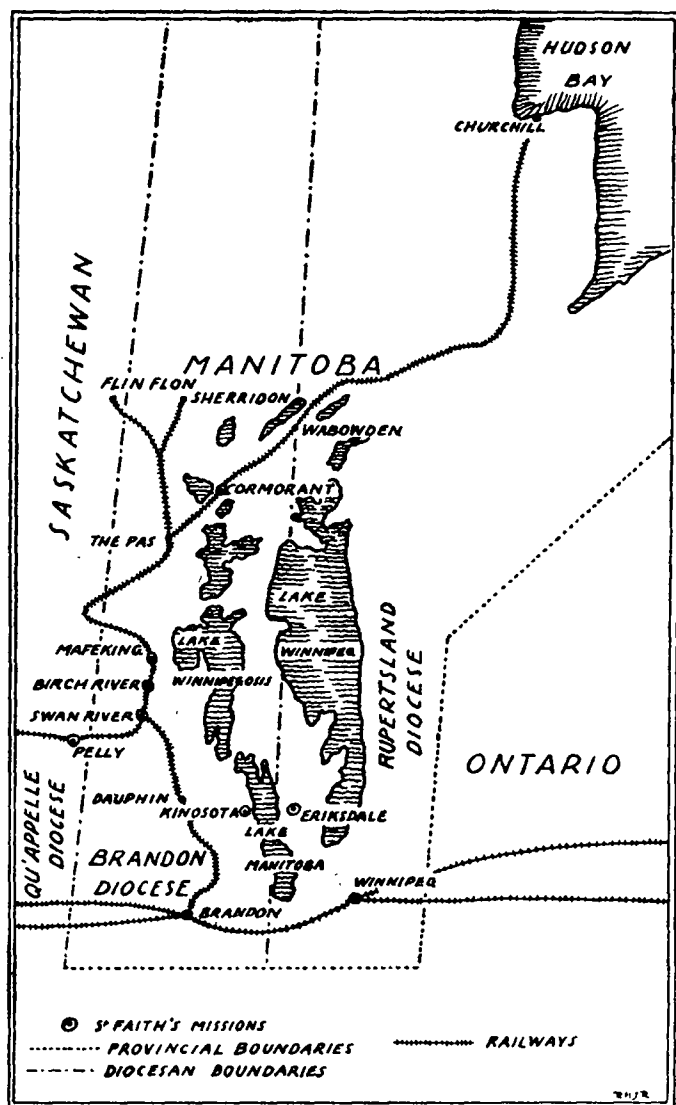


M. J. Adams, 46 1/2 a  
from M. Fowler.

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Toronto 5,  
Ontario.







# THE STORY OF ST. FAITH'S

by

MARGUERITA D. FOWLER, O.B.E.

*(The first Canadian Bishop's Messenger)*

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL  
IN FOREIGN PARTS

15 Tufton Street, Westminster, S.W. 1

1950

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To  
The Right Reverend W. W. H. Thomas, D.D.

The first Bishop of Brandon, whose vision and wise counsel  
helped to create St. Faith's.

With grateful acknowledgment of the help given in the  
writing of the story by Miss C. R. Newby.

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## CHAPTER I

### HOW IT STARTED

In 1926 I paid a long-promised visit to the United States and Canada. I had been tied for many years at home and now was free and anxious to take up full-time Church work. As nothing very suitable turned up, I sailed in January for the U.S.A. During the summer I stopped off in Winnipeg to visit a family I had known since childhood, who many years before had taken up a homestead a hundred and twenty miles north. The O'Mallys made me very welcome and told me tales of their pioneer days and hardships. They said how much they still missed their Church, for little could be done spiritually for those outlying districts. The following Sunday in church in Winnipeg it came to me like a flash that here was what I was waiting for ; God was showing me something to do ; I could work for Him and His Church in some isolated district in Western Canada.

In a couple of months I was back in England in Canon Stacy Waddy's office at the S.P.G. to ask his advice. He showed me on the map seven dioceses in Western Canada that together were twenty times the size of England. He emphasized the colossal task of the bishops with the few clergy at their disposal, adding that if I were prepared to take a training at St. Christopher's College, Blackheath, he was sure a bishop would accept me for the work I wanted to do.

The following week I started my training and heard for the first time of Miss Eva Hasell, an old student of the college who was doing wonderful work in Western

Canada with Sunday School Caravans. When she came to visit the college I told her of my project. Later she put me in touch with the Bishop of Brandon, who accepted my offer of work. Muriel Secretan, a girl of twenty, offered to come out and help me for a couple of years.

By the end of May my last examination for the St. Christopher's College Certificate was over and we sailed from Southampton. I went out as an emigrant with a great many of my personal possessions, and also a tent and camping outfit and much hand baggage. When we arrived in Brandon we were met by the Bishop. Great was our embarrassment to find there were no porters or Red Caps (as we learnt to call them) available, and to see our long-legged, kindly Bishop carrying all our heaviest suitcases and bags while we struggled with the rest.

A few days later, sitting in his study, he outlined what he wanted us to do. Some two hundred and thirty miles north of Brandon lay the little town of Swan River. Here there was a church of which the Rev. A. Gardner had recently been appointed Rector. We were to make this our headquarters, but our work was to be in the far outlying districts. This was a blow. We had pictured ourselves living in a derelict farm and Muriel was all ready to look after a cow and chickens. However, the Bishop knew we should have plenty of other work to do, and that Swan River was the best centre for going out to the English-speaking people on the homesteads and in the Bush to tell them that the Church of their fathers had not forgotten them.

"What shall we call you?" said the Bishop with a dry smile.

"What about Bishop's Messengers?" I answered. As he had not heard of them, I told him that groups of women in England, who had taken part in the Mission of Repentance and Hope during the first World War, had

been formed into groups of Bishop's Messengers to do evangelistic work in rural districts. A few days later, after a service of Holy Communion at the Pro-Cathedral in Brandon, the Bishop commissioned me as the first Bishop's Messenger in Canada. My licence was similar to that of a lay reader and included "the taking of services, visiting and administering comfort to the isolated and sick," and, amongst other things, "in the absence of a priest or deacon to baptize children in danger of death and to bury the dead." I could not help wondering if such a thing would ever be necessary. How little we knew what the work starting that day would grow into ; that many a Messenger in an isolated Mission would have to conduct funerals ; that one day, after taking an exceptional number, a Messenger would be introduced by a woman to her husband with these words, "Come, dear, and meet Miss Adams, the lady who buries people."

## CHAPTER 2

### OFF TO WORK

On June 22nd we started off by train for Swan River—a twelve-hour journey, only taking us through two towns during the whole day. At both these the Anglican clergyman met the train to give us a welcome. By late afternoon we had left the prairies and were in the Bush country with the villages set in small clearings. They all looked the same with their unpainted wooden houses and shacks; the only distinctive features were the Greek Catholic and Orthodox churches that showed that we were passing through Central European settlements.

At each station the whole population seemed to turn out to meet the train, and when we reached Swan River after 10 p.m. there was a dense crowd. A bright, motherly little lady introduced herself as Mrs. Gardner and explained that her husband was fifty miles north exploring his new territory.

What a kind welcome we received at the Rectory and from Mr. Swift, the old churchwarden, and Mrs. Wright, the President of the Women's Auxiliary. Thanks to their efforts, within a few days we had bought a second-hand Ford car and rented a two-roomed shack. We had great fun furnishing it out of Eaton's catalogue; a painted gate-legged table with chairs to match, and blue check gingham to make window curtains and cover our clothes as they hung on the walls, were the extent of our purchases. With our camp beds and various pieces of furniture made out of packing cases, our home was ready.

We had barely settled in when Miss Hasell's Sunday School Van, *St. David*, arrived, driven by Miss Davis. She had with her a student from the Deaconess House, Toronto, and Mrs. Holland of Cropthorne, Worcestershire, whom I had met at St. Christopher's and who had been in Brandon when I was commissioned. It was due to her efforts when she returned to England that the S.P.G. became interested in our work and that the fund was started to provide us with a Travelling Priest. She still works most energetically for this fund.

As Miss Davis had been in the district twice before, she was able to take me to many of the outlying districts and to introduce me to some of the settlers and the children on the "Sunday School by Post." Unfortunately, after two years of very strenuous work she was not well enough to continue driving *St. David*, and as Muriel Secretan was a good driver we decided she should drive Miss Davis for the remainder of the season.

This left me high and dry indeed, for not only was I a novice at driving, but we were planning to go camping and the Bishop had said I was not to go alone. Fortunately Brenda Heyes, a keen young Swan River Sunday School teacher, offered to come with me.

Our first camp was at a little place in the Bush, forty-three miles north of Swan River. Gwen Davis had taken me there a few weeks previously, walking down the railway track from Mafeking as there was no road. She took me to visit a family living in the one-roomed log shack which was typical of the homes there at that time. They just had a cookstove, a table, a couple of chairs and a bench or two, and behind a tattered curtain I saw a couple of beds with a chair between. An adult family of five lived there, the girl working with her brothers and father in the Bush. He was a great hulking fellow and looked rather a 'tough guy,' but I shall never forget his princely manners

and hospitality. Not only did they share their meal with us, but asked me to come again whenever I wanted to "and stay the night." Later in the day we went to the post office and general store, kept by a Belgian with his American wife and their son, Jean. Their charming log house seemed delightfully cool and comfortable. We had a delicious supper and again an invitation to return, and, best of all, she gave me something to allay the fever and irritation caused by hundreds of mosquito bites.

When Brenda and I arrived at Bellsite a few weeks later we were met by Jean, who told us to wait in the nearest house while he fetched the "stone boat" for our gear. The owner of the house made us welcome, though it was so very small and seemed full of fat women (two of them Indians) and also flies, and small children running in and out and letting in more and more flies. Before long Jean arrived with a sort of wooden toboggan on which he loaded our equipment. Later, after we had been given a good supper and had pitched our tent under the trees behind the post office, we felt we had found a haven of peace.

Wherever we camped that summer our programme was much the same ; morning and afternoon we spent visiting and were often pressed to stay for a meal. Eggs were plentiful just then, so the menu for breakfast, dinner and supper was always the same: fried eggs and potatoes, sometimes a slice of home-cured pork and strong tea. Brenda, who could not eat eggs, came off badly. In the evening we had classes for the children, sometimes followed by a mission service for adults. Not many came to the latter unless it was on a Sunday ; it was too busy a time of year. Perhaps we did not have it late enough in the evening ; I only came to know by experience how very late it is before people can get their chores done and get out. Brenda was a great success with the children and



also with the young men—who I think sometimes came to the services so that they could admire from afar.

Our next camp was in a farming district, not the Bush. We camped in the school yard and I had a lovely class of 'teen agers,' whom I prepared for baptism. Some were Scandinavians whose parents were worried because they had not been baptised. Most of the Bible stories were new to them and I shall never forget their faces as I told them of our Lord's Crucifixion. The following year many of them were confirmed.

By the fall we realised the tremendous possibilities of the work and the need for a larger headquarters. We discovered that many of the women needed to come into Swan River to see the doctor or the dentist or to bring their children. In those days there was nothing but mud roads, impassable in rain and closed by snow in winter, and people could not afford in those hard-up days to pay for a room. In September we rented a larger unfurnished house where we could have a guest room. A small room was set aside as a chapel, for we knew our work would depend on prayer—our own and other people's. I had brought with me from England a small, portable altar with blue frontal and curtains, and a Medici print of Perugino's "Crucifixion": with the addition of a few kitchen chairs our chapel was complete. The house was a two-storied one, of unpainted wood ; unlined inside and unfinished ; all the joists and "two by fours" showed and the walls downstairs were of brown paper ; we could, however, put in a nail or a shelf wherever we liked and we soon turned it into a fairly comfortable home and were very happy there. The Bishop came up soon after we moved in and we decided to call it St. Faith's—for we realised we were out on a venture of faith ; we believed that the work would grow, but had no idea whence either the workers or money would come.

## CHAPTER 3

### OUR FIRST WINTER

That winter we learnt by much bitter experience how *not* to drive a car in sub-zero weather, freezing our radiator and sometimes our fingers and noses in the process. We would drive by car or cutter (a small sleigh) to a school house service only to find the congregation 'wiser in their generation,' for they had thought no one would come on a day like that. Before long, visitors began to arrive at St. Faith's and this kept Muriel busy. We had our first 'Lady in Waiting,' the first of a long line of mothers waiting to have their babies. In those days when the roads were bad and travelling uncertain they dared not wait till the last minute as they do now, when roads and cars are better ; but they are still glad to come when the roads are closed in winter. Other women came after operations to get up strength before facing the journey and hardships at home. One mother arrived late one night with four small children ; she had run away from home and it was some weeks before matters could be patched up. The children were a wild little bunch, but we tamed them with 'all day suckers.' A large box of these lollipops had been sent us, so we were able always to give one as a reward for good behaviour.

Every other week-end I went to Mafeking, fifty miles north—the train arrived after midnight. I made my way to the rough, lumber stopping-house we called "The Ritz." There at the door stood the owner, Mother Hood, lamp in hand, to welcome me and light me as I picked my way over the prostrate forms of fish freighters asleep on the

floor. In those days Mafeking was the packing centre to which fish were brought long distances from the lake. Freighters, in their canvas-covered cabooses, would battle their way over the frozen lakes, avoiding the cracks where from time to time a team of horses and a caboose would disappear. Now this is all done by caterpillar tractors: those on the 'cat swing,' as it is called, still have to face risks and hardships, but nothing to compare with the freighter with his horse-drawn caboose. When he had delivered his fish at the packing house, seen to his horses and had his supper, he was ready for bed; if the bunk house was full the next best place was the floor.

There were two best bedrooms at "The Ritz," each containing a double bed, a chair, a washstand and a small wall mirror. There was a seven-foot high partition between them and the outer room; thus the heat and, incidentally, the snores of the freighters came over the top. Mrs. Hood, who was the 'Queen of Mafeking,' was a very faithful churchwoman, though her only contact with the Church for many years had been the annual visit of the Bishop on his way to the Shoal River Indian Reserve, when he would baptise babies and give Communion to confirmed Anglicans.

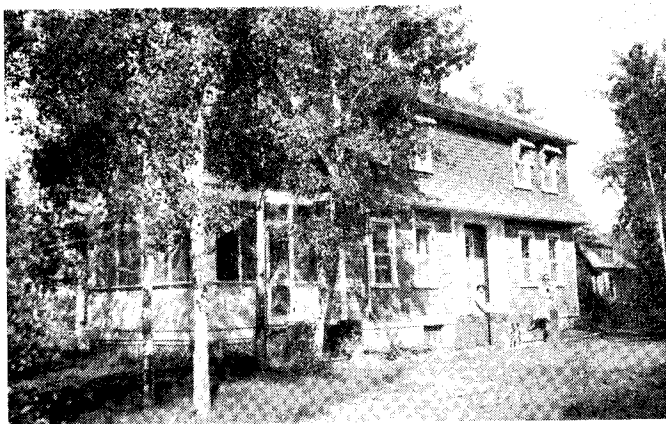
On Sunday afternoons I took Sunday School for the children in the school house. I had found it was a custom to have the service in the evening, in Mother Hood's dining room. The service was followed by the singing of Moody and Sankey's hymns for an hour or more. The tables were pushed back and everyone sat in a circle round the room: the small children often escaped and ran up and down the middle till cuffed by Mother Hood. So after a time I had transferred the service to the school house, hoping that we should gain in reverence what we would lose in numbers as, at "The Ritz," Mrs. Hood compelled everyone to come in. She was a very autocratic old lady but

with a heart of gold, always on deck when my train left—nominally at 2 a.m. but often hours late if it was very cold. She always had a cup of tea ready for me in the kitchen whenever I arrived or left, and I shall never forget the dimly-lit scene, the rough plank walls studded with nails on which hung all sorts of bits and pieces, and rough shelves and nooks full of junk—for she never threw anything away. Always there was a present for me to take; a large loaf of bread, a jar of pickles or cream, or a piece of moosemeat. Sometimes when I came in I would find she had parked a woman or child in my bed for me to take down to the hospital or doctor in Swan River.

We of course wrote home of our doings and by the spring three others had volunteered to join us: Margaret Robertson, trained at St. Andrew's House, Portsmouth, Muriel Williamson and Muriel Hooper, both from St. Christopher's College, Blackheath—the latter only coming for a few months' experience before going to do "Sunday School by Post" work in British Columbia.

A new and permanent headquarters now became necessary. What could we do? We had then no friends in Eastern Canada and knew little or nothing of the Dominion Women's Auxiliary. Our own diocese was very new and struggling. We decided to write to our friends in England and ask them to pray with us that if it was God's Will we should get the money to build a suitable house. Within three weeks a cable came from a friend to say she was sending £1,000. She had received a legacy and was sending it all to us.

We chose an Aladdin house from a catalogue. The lumber came already prepared and cut to measure from B.C.; local carpenters built the house and it looked most attractive when it was painted pale yellow and brown with a green roof. We moved in early in December, 1929. The Bishop came a few days later with several of the clergy



St. Faith's Mission House, Swan River.



The author—first Bishop's  
Messenger in Canada.



Past and present leaders—  
Miss Hooper and Miss Fowler.



St. Luke's Church, Cormorant.

to bless the house and dedicate the chapel. In procession we went from room to room where suitable prayers were said. It all seemed large and spacious. Little did we think that in only a few years' time both house and chapel would be all too small for our numbers when we all gathered together for our Retreat and Conference.

Thanks to Mrs. Holland and the S.P.G., money had been forthcoming for a chaplain and Travelling Priest and the Rev. Ivor Norris had been appointed by the Bishop. Before the three Messengers arrived in October, under the guidance of the Bishop and with the help of a Messenger in England, a Constitution and Rule of Life had been drawn up. It made an annual Retreat obligatory and year by year we have met for that time of spiritual refreshment. The Rule also laid down that certain offices should be said daily, as well as time given for prayer and meditation and serious reading. Our spiritual fellowship has been a great source of strength and is the secret of the growth and success of St. Faith's Messengers.

## CHAPTER 4

### THE FIRST OUTPOST MISSION

In July, 1929, we camped at Birch River, a little town of 150 people—then the end of the road, twenty-five miles north of Swan River. The children came every day to what we now call a vacation school and much enjoyed the varied programme. Muriel and I were rather handicapped by having often to teach with a baby in our arms, as several of the older girls could not come unless they brought the youngest of the family ; when they wanted to write or do hand work we had to relieve them.

In the fall, just before the new Messengers arrived, we rented a very dirty and dilapidated cottage. Two mothers undertook to clean up two of the rooms ; we put in a few pieces of furniture and used to camp in it for week-ends during the winter. When spring came we decided we could no longer afford the rent and must give it up. Just then a letter came from the Bishop saying he had received \$250 from the Children's Church at Sherborne Abbey to buy a cottage. We had no idea of the value of the Birch River one, but knew it was worth more than that. However, when we asked the landlord his price he said that to us it would be \$250. The children of Sherborne Abbey stipulated that it should be called St. Aldhelm's after their patron saint. Later on we had the rooms at the back turned into a chapel, as so far we had worshipped in the gloomy Community Hall.

Miss Rosalie Pennell was the first Messenger to live and work permanently at St. Aldhelm's. She was a wonderful teacher and did a great work among the



children and young people. What happy evenings they had as they crowded into her sitting room and played all kinds of games, and how they loved the missionary story at the end ; there was a real feeling of worship as they knelt for the closing prayers. During the twenty years a number of Messengers have worked at Birch River and all made their special contribution, but Miss Pennell is still remembered with gratitude by many of the young married people.

In those early days Birch River, like many other little Bush towns, was very much cut off from the world and elevating and spiritual influences ; many people prided themselves on being 'hard boiled,' so the work among the older people progressed very slowly. In March, 1936, we had a parochial mission conducted by the Rev. L. F. Wilmot, the Rector of Swan River, who later became our Travelling Priest. The preparation and follow-up work on which so much depends was done most carefully by Canon Nelson Smith, our Travelling Priest at that time, and by the two Messengers in charge, Betty Maxtead and Jessie Sewell. All the Church organisations helped. The Brownies folded notices and letters which the Cubs delivered. The latter kept the Mission House well supplied with wood and water and did all the chores. The boys and girls of the Fellowship made reliable stewards and the women took care that the Messengers had not much cooking to do and were well supplied with food. Mrs. Wilmot was to have taken the Children's Mission but could not come, so at the last moment I took her place. Most evenings we began with a procession round the town, rather a pathetic little procession. The boys in turn proudly carried the cross made of a scout pole with a lashed cross-piece. Then came the Missioner with a fur cap and coat over his cassock ; then the Messengers with heavy coats over their uniforms. It is not easy to sing

when you are one moment walking in deep snow and the next on glare ice, but somehow we managed it and people opened their windows to listen to old mission hymns that awakened many memories. Mr. Wilmot has a real gift for evangelism ; the services were well attended and had lasting results.

One was that the congregation became too large for the little chapel and a real church was built the following summer. Miss Marriott, who had already been instrumental in building two churches on the Hudson Bay Railway, came with her Norwegian carpenter to take charge of the work. When she left, Miss Gilham took over and designed the furnishings of the church, she herself making a lovely and unusual little font. Some of the local men helped and some of the boys came on their way from school ; one of these, Norman Dennis, always worked till dark. A beautiful memorial window has just been placed over the altar in memory of him and other boys from the Birch River district who gave their lives in the Second World War.

Miss Gilham came out for the summer to help Miss Williamson, who had opened a mission at Rorketon, an isolated place north-east of Dauphin. This mission did excellent work for two years, but we then had to close it owing to the change in population, for the Anglicans moved away and their places were taken by Eastern Europeans, who built a big Orthodox church.

Birch River to-day is a growing little town with a couple of grain elevators. Miss Thompson has been Messenger-in-charge since 1943 ; now she has Thelma Tanner, a young Canadian W.A. Missionary, as fellow Messenger. The life at St. Aldhelm's is a very busy one as there are five country points and many different organizations for both young and old, including two very active

senior branches of the W.A. On Sunday the Messengers take Sunday School and Kindergarten in the morning, then have a quick lunch and go off on a ten-mile drive to a school house service at 2 p.m.—the children have their class during the latter part of the service ; another long drive and service at 4 p.m., and then back to the mission for supper and Evensong in church at 7.30. All goes well as long as the roads are good, but when they are skiddy with mud or snow even the faithful old Model A Ford finds it more than she can manage.

Once in six weeks the Rev. W. A. Hunter, the present Travelling Priest, spends a Sunday at Birch River and there is great planning to fit in as many services of Holy Communion and baptism as possible in the time available.

Meanwhile, what had been happening at Mafeking, twenty-five miles north of Birch River? I quote from a letter dated July, 1940: "Miss Edwards has been helping to make history at Mafeking, where she has lived since the fall. We have a one-roomed cottage there given by the King's Messengers in England (the Junior members of the S.P.G.). Miss Peggy Wood worked and lived there the previous winter—the first Messenger to do so. The W.A. at Mafeking had long been working to build a church: for every dollar they made we gave them one from the money sent by the King's Messengers, till at last they could start building. On March 27th the Bishop came to dedicate the church, consecrate the burial ground some distance away and confirm eleven candidates presented by Miss Edwards. The church, a bare wooden building, really looked lovely at the dedication. Everyone lent chairs and benches as there were still no pews. The church was full of flowers ; people lent their cherished pot plants, for there was nothing else at that time of year. The cross was made by a member of the congregation, the frontal

by a member of the W.A., and the windows had been paid for by the Sunday School children. Two Fra Angelico angels and a pair of old silver candlesticks, given by Miss Edwards, lit up the sanctuary. Many of those present remembered the services in Mother Hood's dining room when her house was the stopping place for the fishermen and freighters."

As I write, ten years later, Miss Edwards is still at work and has opened up many new points in the Bush farther up the line. She is always on the move ; everyone knows and admires the gallant little woman in her battered old car, or getting on or off the train at all hours of the day and night. The train stops in what seems the middle of nowhere and on gets Agnes Edwards looking like an Esquimo in her hood, fur coat, ski-pants and moccasins. The railway men, who would do anything for her, help her on with her miscellaneous outfit—a little hand sleigh, a heavy case containing books, cross, frontal, everything for a service, an accordion, and sometimes a magic lantern or small dog.

At Bellsite, where we held our first camp, another little church has been built through her efforts. The children longed for a church ; the men thought it would be ' nice for funerals.' Miss Edwards and a very few others worked and collected till the lumber could be bought. Then, unfortunately, the doctor ordered her away for a long rest and the building operations hung fire. Fr. Frith, S.S.J.E., from Bracebridge, came to us for two or three weeks. He is a man who can turn his hand to anything. He went up to Bellsite, took off his cassock and got to work. At first only one or two helped, but gradually more came along and before he left the building was up and he had held the first service.

Miss Edwards has prepared many adults for baptism and confirmation, and many whole families have been baptised through her influence and teaching. The work has grown and it now needs two Messengers to cope with the various points, but a larger cottage and different organisation is needed before that can be done. In the meantime Agnes Edwards carries on.

## CHAPTER 5

### MISSIONS ON THE HUDSON BAY RAILWAY

In 1931, while we were establishing our work at Birch River, the Bishop sent us off on a new adventure for the Kingdom. A large slice of territory due north had been added to the Brandon Diocese. Le Pas, 150 miles north of Swan River, was in the early days an Indian settlement and had been for years 'the end of the steel' until recently two new railways had been opened from there. One ran north to Flin Flon and Sheridan, rapidly growing mining towns ; and the other, known as the Hudson Bay Railway, ran to Port Churchill. This railway, which had been opened for the transport of grain to Europe by the quickest route, had been most expensive to build and operate, running between lakes and over swamps and the barren lands of that territory, and had caused a good deal of controversy. During the war it proved most valuable for American Air bases and since then for Canadian and American Arctic training.

Many people in those parts were prospecting for gold, but the Bishop sent us to prospect for a suitable mission centre. We took our tiny tent and camped in various places, and finally decided on Cormorant Lake and Herb Lake. Cormorant is only forty-two miles from Le Pas, but there is no road and at that time there was only one train a week. It had a very varied population as at that time there were a few airmen and their wives, a couple of forestry men and some Scandinavian and Eastern European traders, as well as the fishermen and trappers who formed the majority.

We had a warm welcome from Grannie McKenzie, an old Anglican Indian lady who was the widow of a Scottish Hudson Bay Company factor; half of the villagers were her children and grandchildren. We camped there a week and visited every house, inviting people to the first Anglican service and Sunday School ever to be held there. It was difficult to teach the older children, as the younger ones were very wild and soon had overturned the sand tray and desks, so we were not very successful; but it showed how much it was needed.

Herb Lake, a very pretty spot, was not far as the crow flies, but it took a day and sometimes two to get there; by rail to Mile 81, then a drive over a very rough 'portage,' then in summer a lovely two-hour trip over the lake. It was not so good in winter over the ice when a blizzard was blowing or when the ice was treacherous at 'freeze up' or 'break up.' At Herb Lake many small gold mines have been opened and closed. Just then all were closed, but some people clung on who had claims that they thought would one day make their fortunes. Among them was an Oxford graduate whose shack was full of books, and who had kept a little Anglican Sunday School going for many years. There was a great deal of poverty, apathy and drink.

The previous winter I had met Elsie Marriott and Ena Harrold at St. Christopher's College in England, and they had volunteered to come out. As Miss Marriott was a trained and experienced nurse and Miss Harrold was practical and good with children, they seemed just the team to undertake this difficult pioneering work. They arrived in September and, after a short time at St. Faith's, found themselves in possession of a two-roomed log shack in Cormorant and going occasionally, for a couple of weeks at a time, to Herb Lake, where they lived in a derelict store. Miss Marriott won her way into the homes and hearts of the people by her nursing, greatly needed with

the nearest doctor at Le Pas and only one train a week. However, miracles do happen. Once a woman's life was saved because an unexpected special train arrived just in the nick of time for Miss Marriott to get her into hospital. On other occasions she had to fly her patients out, a much more difficult thing to do in those days.

Miss Harrold had a wonderful way with the boys and girls. They had clubs for all ages in their small cabin, and before long the children were as keen on Sunday School as on the clubs. One family sent their clock to be set every Saturday at the mission so that the children should not be late on Sunday.

Before long the Messengers began to plan to have a real church in which to worship, as well as a cottage of their own. The following summer their vision bore fruit. I quote a letter from Miss Marriott written in July, 1932, to show how it was done. "I wish you could have seen Vernon struggling along with a piece of rock, murmuring 'I's building a werry big church, I is'; and so he was and many others, preparing the cement foundations of the church which God is enabling us to build at Cormorant Lake. In most wondrous ways He has answered our prayers, supplying all our needs. The people have not much to give in money, but give to the utmost of their time and labour." In another letter, when the building was more advanced: "We had a 'Building Bee,' and how we laughed and how we worked. Everybody has lent a hand; one small girl, in spite of great heat, bulldog flies and mosquitoes, spent all day on the roof laying shingles." By October the church and four-roomed cottage were finished. The Bishop went in November and dedicated the church and held the first confirmation. He was greatly impressed with what had been done in a year and with the spirit of devotion at all the services.



Their next objective was a church hall, for they realised they must provide wholesome recreation for young and old if they have to fight the prevailing curse of drink ; the only form of amusement consisted of dances that generally ended in a drunken brawl. After the hall was built, the Mission became more and more the centre of the social as well as the spiritual life of the community. Clubs, meetings for all ages and many social evenings were organised. All ages entered into the games and square dances, which often ended with the Red River Jig, led by an old Indian lady.

The work at Cormorant became more exacting and as a new mine had started up at Herb Lake, the Bishop sent a deacon there to take charge. Before long the Messengers were off on a fresh adventure. A Mountie said to them, "You have done such wonders at Cormorant, you should start at Wabowden." Wabowden was a larger place, being a divisional point on the railway ninety-six miles further up the line. Many of the railway people and traders were quite sophisticated with nice steam-heated houses, electric washers and bridge clubs ; but over on the point of the lake there was a settlement of Indian trappers. Some of these had quite nice homes, too, but trapping is a very fluctuating means of livelihood.

In 1935, Miss Thompson joined the team at Cormorant to enable them all to take turns in working at Wabowden. The Indians were very glad to attend services, as they have a real love of worship, but many of the white people were apathetic and few attended regularly, though they were glad for the children to go to Sunday School. They surely needed it, as the first Easter it was discovered that only a couple of the white children knew anything about the Crucifixion and only one girl of fifteen had heard of the Resurrection. In 1936, under Elsie Marriott's able direction, a church and cottage were built and Olive

Thompson went to live there as Messenger-in-charge, with Mrs. Baldwin as fellow worker. It was hard going at first, but she gradually won their friendship and the congregation improved. She wrote in December, 1940, "A full church on Christmas morning—a contrast to 1937, when we had only four people."

Mary Andrewes has been the Messenger-in-charge since 1944, with Clare Adams as fellow Messenger for the last three years. In December, 1946, the cottage was burnt down and the Messengers had to live in the church hall, part of which was used as a school every morning for the Indian children, who were not able to go to the town school, to teach them to read and write. The Messengers have much enjoyed this work. The burning of the cottage proved a blessing in disguise, as the people rallied round the Mission in a wonderful way and worked hard to supplement the insurance till there was enough to build a new and better cottage.

Since 1947 the Wabowden Messengers have been going to Herb Lake, as the work there had to be closed down during the war and the last state seemed worse than the first. Drink seemed to have taken a greater hold on the community—even some of the boys and girls had such a 'hang-over' on Mondays that the teacher said she could do nothing with them. However, the mothers welcomed the Messengers, remembering the work of the others fifteen years before, and they have gradually won the friendship of the young people, who look forward to their visits. They prepared several for confirmation, but the Bishop was not well enough to go there, and as they had been waiting some months the Bishop of Saskatchewan flew in and held the confirmation in January this year, and then took Miss Andrewes on by 'plane for another at Wabowden. The Messengers have also been asked by the

people at Mile 81, where they get on and off the train going in to Herb Lake, to start work there.

Elsie Marriott had to give up her work at Cormorant because of ill health, but Ena Harrold stayed on till 1942 and was succeeded by Adelaide Moss of Toronto, a W.A. missionary from Japan. She was joined by a friend, Kathleen Shepherd—an S.P.G. missionary from Japan. At present Helen Whitten of St. Catherine's, Ontario, is carrying on the work very capably as she is an experienced nurse as well as Messenger. She is helped by Deaconess Margaret Newton.

On May 22nd, 1940, Elsie Marriott passed to her rest, but she still lives on in the hearts of many on the Hudson Bay Railway, and the three churches she planned and helped to build stand as a lasting memorial.

## CHAPTER 6

### THE F.M.L. MISSIONS

A few years after St. Faith's was built, the Fellowship of the Maple Leaf became interested and began to support our work. Dr. Andrews, the secretary, wrote to several of the Western bishops offering to finance the work of Bishop's Messengers in their dioceses. Bishop Harding, at that time of Qu'Appelle, asked us if we would staff a mission in his diocese if the F.M.L. was responsible for the upkeep. He suggested Pelly (in Saskatchewan) as a suitable centre. As it was only fifty miles from Swan River we undertook to organise this as soon as we had sufficient Messengers.

In 1934, Margaret Robertson, one of our first Messengers, and Peggy Parker, recently arrived from the S.P.G. College of the Ascension, England, set off with a tent in a Model A Ford to work in the outlying country around Pelly. It was a late wet season and they were greatly handicapped by the mud-holes, mosquitoes and the appalling roads and, finally, early frosts drove them in. However, they had covered a distance of 420 square miles and had visited 150 families in eighteen school districts, taking services and Sunday Schools, and scripture lessons in the day schools. They wrote that the warmth of the welcome they received quite made up for the hardships and difficulties.

The Bishop then asked them to take charge of the parish of Pelly; the Vicar of Kamsack, fifteen miles away, would come once a month to administer the sacraments. This was very different from the pioneer work we had done

before. Pelly had been a thriving little town with a nice Anglican church and rectory, but many people had moved away, foreigners taking their places, and they had not been able to support a rector for several years. They were unused to regular services and did not take kindly to the ministrations of women. The children's work went well from the first, but the adult congregations for years were very sparse.

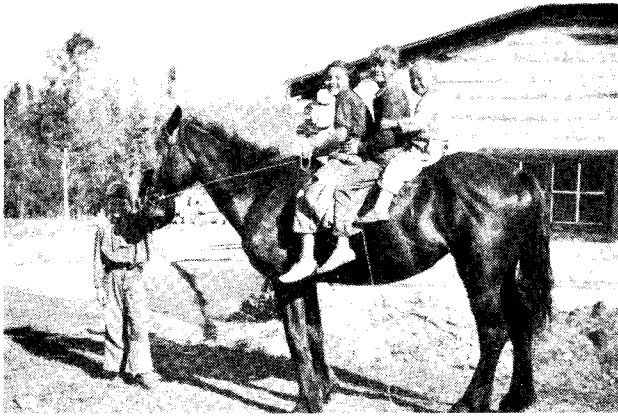
The rectory was rented, so the Messengers had to take a dirty, drab little house, the only one available, but they worked hard to clean and brighten it up and make it home-like till the rectory was available. Unfortunately, Miss Parker had to return to England after a serious illness and Miss Robertson had also to do so for family reasons, but other Messengers, Canadian and English, have carried on the work, each making their own particular contribution.

Mrs. Turnbull, a Canadian widow from London, Ontario, had worked with us for a summer and had gone back determined to train at St. Christopher's College, England, and to qualify to become a Messenger. This she did, and in 1938 took charge of the Pelly Mission. In the twelve years she has been there she has done a great work, particularly among young people. Irene Haugan, a local girl who came to the Mission before and after a severe operation, has gradually regained her health and become a valuable fellow worker.

The country points round Pelly have changed, as many Anglicans have moved away, but a large new district to the north has begun to open. A block of country was given by the government of Saskatchewan for settlers in the dried-out area. First there were camps, and the Messengers started holding services at Camp A as soon as some families moved in. Since the settlers have moved into their own homesteads, the services (combined with Sunday School) have been held in a derelict store, a very drab

setting. However, they do what they can to make it like a church and the two rooms behind have proved very useful. As it is thirty-two miles from Pelly, they often camp there for a week at a time, visiting and holding confirmation classes and vacation schools. It is not 'de luxe' camping as there is no furniture and they have sometimes slept on the store counters, but it brings them close to the people.

People of varied nationalities have become very faithful members of the church held in the store. One September, Bishop Knowles, then bishop, went to Pelly for a confirmation at 11 a.m., then on to Camp A for one at 3 p.m. Four cars went from Pelly with the Bishop, Rural Dean, choir and organist and the Messengers, who took the festal frontal and curtains, flowers and pictures to transform the store into the semblance of a church. A congregation of over 100 was waiting, and how they sang. The seven candidates were all married women whose own boys and girls were confirmed the following year. One, aged 65, said, "I have never been so happy in my life." On the way back the Rural Dean's car broke down and the Bishop had his first ride in a jeep (which is what the Messengers now drive). They had to tow the other car and only covered the fifty-two miles to Kamsack in time for the Bishop to go straight into church for another confirmation, where the congregation was waiting. The latest news from Camp A is that it is now the mission parish of Christ Church. Mrs. Turnbull has collected the money to buy the store; they are converting it into a mission house and hope before long to build a real church. Another Sunday the jeep had to race the stork as an urgent call came after service to take a woman in to Swan River Hospital for the birth of her fifteenth child. Twenty-five miles over a very rough road was anxious work, but the jeep made it in time.



On the way to Sunday School.



Birch River Church.



Ready for a winter journey—  
Miss Helen Whitten.



Miss Fowler takes an open-air Sunday School class.



The work in Pelly itself has gone slowly but steadily forward and there has been a real deepening of the spiritual life during the last few years. The congregation has worked hard and given generously to paint and redecorate the church, put it on to a new foundation and build a large vestibule hall which was greatly needed for meetings. They have a keen W.A. and many organisations for the young people, and are the only mission to have junior and senior groups of the Bible Reading Fellowship meeting every month for discussion. The Maple Leaf bore the entire cost for years, but latterly the diocese and people themselves are helping to carry the load.

Soon Eriksdale also was included in the activities of the Messengers. When Bishop Harding became Archbishop of Rupertsland he found there was a large tract of country between the lakes north of Winnipeg that had only very occasional ministrations from the Church. He decided this would be a suitable district to start Bishop's Messengers and once more applied to St. Faith's.

In the fall of 1937, Clare Adams, daughter of the Bishop of Kootenay (later Archbishop), and Winifred Alderson from S.P.G., started work at Eriksdale, 100 miles north of Winnipeg. There was a nice church but, as there had been no resident priest for several years, some had joined the United Church ; but a faithful few longed for their own services again. It was the only suitable centre for reaching the outlying districts where there were good congregations. At Scotch Bay they were all set to build their own church for \$1,000 ; half this sum had been given by Mr. Watson, a pioneer farmer, whose sons and grandsons helped to build the church the next year—thus avoiding the expense of labour. The other half was provided by Miss Eva Hasell, who had visited the district in the previous year.

The Messengers started to give regular Bible lessons in many isolated schools. That led on to Sunday Schools and services, and they have built up keen congregations. One small boy of five, anxious to have a share in his baptism, kept on nodding and saying "sure" to everything the Archbishop, who was taking the service, said. Another small boy, favourably impressed by the Archbishop at a confirmation, said, "When is the fellow with the crook coming back? I like him."

The Interlake Fellowship at Winnipeg has been a sort of fairy godmother to the Mission, providing cars from time to time, for they soon become worn out on the roads that are full of mud-holes and rocks. One car was called Donald Duck as it paddled so well through water. Lately they have given the Mission a jeep. The Interlake Fellowship not only provided a nice mission cottage, but keep it replenished, looking after the comfort of the Messengers. The Fellowship of the Maple Leaf in England has paid all the expenses for the upkeep of the Mission since it started.

Clare Adams stayed at Pelly till 1948, and for the last six years Monica Rhodes was her fellow Messenger ; she stayed on for some time to initiate and help Deaconess Eleanor Postans, who is now in charge with Gladys Goodacre, while Monica Rhodes has gone to St. Faith's to help Miss Hooper.

In the last few years the work has extended north to several small towns on the highway, and the Interlake Fellowship has lately given a 'pre-fab' one-room cottage at Camper so that they can stay there for services and visiting.

## CHAPTER 7

### KINOSOTA AND THE SIOUX

On the west shore of Lake Manitoba stands the Mission of St. Bede's, Kinosota, one of the oldest in Manitoba. In the early days, when missionaries came down the Red River to evangelise the Indians, some of them crossed Lake Manitoba and about 110 years ago the first little church was built. Later, white settlers came in and now there is a mixed population—most of them being Anglicans. Great credit is due to the early missionaries and to a faithful lay reader and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Scrase, who carried on the work for twenty-one years. On their retirement the Bishop asked us to take over the Mission, but as we were short of workers owing to the war, we could not do so for a time. However, on a cold day in November, 1943, Frances Wilmot, who had been a Messenger for some years at Birch River, set out with a young companion (since no trained worker was available) to drive 200 miles to Kinosota in a very shaky old Model A Ford, the only car to be had.

The Mission is very isolated, being fifteen miles from the nearest small town, railway, telephone and Red Cross nursing station. The church and house are prettily situated close to the lake ; only one other inhabited house is visible from there since the people are widely scattered, yet on Sundays a congregation of fifty or sixty is usual. They come on foot, in buggies, waggons and old cars, and in winter by sleigh. The Messengers look after several other churches and points from Kinosota.

A new mission house was built by the Brandon diocese in 1944. St. Bede's W.A., having saved up for years, in 1948 provided a new carpet for the sanctuary of the church and the money to repaint and repair it. Nothing was spent on labour, as both men and women shared the work under Miss Wilmot's direction.

In the summer of 1947, Miss Archibald came as leader of their first vacation school, to which sixty children came regularly. I quote from a letter: "The children enjoyed every minute of it ; worship, classes, games and handwork, and above all the final pageant illustrating the Christian soldiers fighting the Dragon of Sin." Later that year Miss Wilmot wrote, "In three weeks we have covered 800 miles, paying eighty visits, and during that time sixty people called at the Mission and were ministered to according to their needs, though many others must have knocked in vain when we were far afield. The temporary closing of the nursing station, due to shortage of nurses, has added considerably to the calls on our time." The nursing station has only been recently reopened, so during all that time Frances Wilmot was responsible for the physical as well as the spiritual health of her scattered flock. The bad roads also added to her labours ; she had the reputation of getting her old car through mud and water when others failed, and many mercy trips had to be taken, often in the middle of the night, to take patients to the doctor or hospital eighty miles away.

In 1948 the Rev. A. E. Thain conducted a parochial mission. The weather was terribly wet and the mud roads under water, yet there were never less than thirteen at the daily 8 a.m. celebration, and forty made their communion at 9 a.m. on the Sunday. It was a time of spiritual renewal and refreshment. The following year they had a parochial festival lasting a week, again taken by Mr. Thain ; this included a vacation school led by Miss Archibald, at

which there was an attendance of sixty-five to seventy children. There were thirty to forty communicants each morning and the evening congregation averaged eighty-five for the week.

Archdeacon Norris has been regularly to Kinosota to administer the sacraments, and every year the Bishop has gone in to confirm a large number of candidates. The careful preparation of these, owing to the distances and bad roads, is no light task. It has only been possible to have a second Messenger at Kinosota for short and rare intervals, but Miss Wilmot has had some excellent helpers, and for the last four years Mrs. Wilmot has been her daughter's very capable fellow worker. Miss Wilmot has recently been appointed supervisor of youth work for the diocese by the Brandon Diocesan W.A. As she was brought up in the diocese she is particularly fitted for the work. She will still spend part of her time at Kinosota, and Valentine Vaughan Johnson, a young S.P.G. missionary from India, is now working there as Messenger and will take charge in her absence.

Our work has been primarily among white people, but in 1931 Jean Ingram came out to take charge of a little Indian school which the Bishop hoped to build on a Reserve fifteen miles from Birch River. However, the depression came and no new work could be started, so that all we could do was to camp there in the summer. It was quite an adventure getting there and back by car and canoe. On the way back a bridge broke, our car overturned and some of our things fell into the creek, but we ourselves climbed out and walked a mile for help. Kind friends righted the car, but it was dark by the time we started off again and the mud was so bad that we took hours to go a few miles to Birch River and we did not know till next morning that we had lost one of our tyres several miles away. After that Jean Ingram took charge of two

Indian day schools and did excellent work. Eventually she returned to St. Faith's to be secretary of the Sunday School by Post.

During the war we undertook temporarily the care of St. Luke's Mission, Griswold, commonly called the Sioux Reserve, which lies only twenty-seven miles from Brandon. Deaconess Stapleton had carried on for eighteen years the work of the Mission, which included teaching in the little day-school for young children. When she retired, in 1943, the Bishop asked us to take over the work. Miss Harrold, who had been so long in Cormorant Lake, was appointed Messenger-in-charge ; Miss Smears, who had filled many posts very capably as a fellow worker, was appointed teacher of the school, which was held in the Mission House.

The Indians are very proud of their church and always decorate it most beautifully for the festivals. They are great people for tradition. After their first Christmas, Miss Harrold wrote, "On Christmas Eve the women came to prepare for the feast ; they had decorated the church the day before. Two of them peeled a sack of potatoes, whilst others set the tables in the church basement. On Christmas morning, preparations for dinner were soon under way and by 12.30 the tables were appetizingly ready for the first sitting. With no press or hurry, this Indian W.A. served a delicious hot dinner to 150 people. At 4.30 all went to church for the Christmas service. Brilliant sunshine streamed through the windows, lighting up the crib, and focussed our thoughts on the true Light that had come into the world. At the end of the service the children had their gifts from the tree. The next day the Bishop came over and gave them their Christmas Communion, which was a great joy. So you see we are carrying on Deaconess Stapleton's tradition."

Miss Harrold and Miss Smears were both very clever with their fingers and they were able to help the Indian women and children to improve their leather, bead and basket work and mats. At the big Brandon Fair in the summer they carried off most of the prizes for this kind of work and the children also won many for their school work. They also started having a stall at the Fair with a wonderful display of work, for which they found a ready sale. All were sorry when Miss Harrold and Miss Smears had to retire in 1946, but the Bishop was able to put a lay reader and his wife in charge of the Mission and school.

## CHAPTER 8

### ST. FAITH'S

The Messengers always come back to St. Faith's from time to time, sometimes to help, sometimes to rest, sometimes for a Quiet Day and always once a year for the Retreat and conference. Gradually the numbers at Retreat outgrew the capacity of the house and chapel. Some slept in tents on the lawn, others in the new garage built in memory of Bessie Hall, the much loved Secretary of the Guild of St. Faith's in Montreal. Most of the services are held in the parish church. These are times of real spiritual refreshment and fellowship.

St. Faith's is not only the Mother House, but is in itself a very busy centre of work. During the twenty-one years the country work in the district round has grown and has been consolidated. Since 1948 the Messengers have been ministering to twelve congregations, three of which belong to the parish of Kenville, where the living is vacant. This necessitates two cars on Sundays, each of which travels sixty to eighty miles. Five of the services are held in churches ; for the rest, held in school houses, everything has to be taken in the way of curtains, pictures, cross and vases to transform them into places of worship ; the people themselves provide the flowers. The children stay for the first part of the service ; then a Messenger and teacher take them out and form two classes ; they sit on the grass or in a car according to the weather. The Rev. W. A. Hunter, the present Travelling Priest, is able to reach most of these points once in six weeks to administer the Sacraments.



St. Francis, Dunkinville, is the only little church quite out in the country, since the others are all in small towns or villages. The Dunkinville people have always been most faithful and there is a fine spirit of fellowship and co-operation. For years they worshipped in a community hall. Then one of the churchwardens gave his best piece of land for a church site and burial ground. Slowly and steadily the people worked to get the lumber and season it and to buy nails, windows and shingles—very difficult to get in war time and very costly. In 1944 they were ready to start building, but a very cold winter and the necessary work on their own farms made the progress slow. Five of the men did the work voluntarily in odd hours with the help of a paid carpenter from time to time. They made their own design based on a picture on a Christmas card box.

At last the pretty and unusual little church was finished. Alas, when the Bishop was to dedicate it, all the roads were under water and impassable. However, he came later in the year and on a beautiful day the church of St. Francis was dedicated with due ceremony. The Bishop was greatly impressed with the spirit of worship and reverence. The church, standing in that lonely countryside, is a silent witness to the devotion of that little congregation to our Lord and His Church.

**“Sunday School by Post.”** One of the most important pieces of work carried on at St. Faith’s is the “Sunday School by Post” for the Brandon diocese. Miss Eva Hasell sends out two vans each summer to visit the more distant children and contact new families. Betty Maxtead, one of our Messengers, went on *St. David’s* van for fifteen years. Ten grades of lessons are sent out from St. Faith’s and corrected there, and about 150 of the older pupils gain prizes for having over 80 per cent. marks on the year’s work. On the whole very thoughtful answers are sent in,

but occasionally quaint ones come, such as "Ruth thought the old woman could do with a bit of help so she stayed with Naomi." A set of letters in preparation for confirmation and Holy Communion were also prepared at St. Faith's and have been printed by the General Board for Religious Education and are used all over Canada. We used to send lessons to over 3,000 children, but many have moved into town for education since times are better, so the children can get to Sunday School. Many Messengers have helped with this work: Miss Ingram and Miss Margaret Haslam, a graduate of the Deaconess House, Toronto, each had charge for several years. Miss Green came in an emergency and carried on very ably for four years till a new Messenger (Miss Cecily De Sausmarez) could be appointed.

**Bale Room.** The bale room at St. Faith's, where second-hand and new clothing is stored, has been a great help to people, especially at the time of the big jumble sales held annually. In earlier days, when there was much poverty, many families depended on St. Faith's for their clothing, much of which came from Eastern Canada and the F.M.L. in England. The money from the sales went into a Samaritan Fund which helped people in time of illness or distress and provided fares for people to see doctors in the city and for treatment there; it also paid for medicines, glasses and teeth and sometimes loans for much-needed farm equipment or a horse or cow. In the course of time these were paid back in small sums and the help, impossible to get elsewhere, tided them over a difficult time. The people on the farms are much better off since the war, but there is still a certain amount of poverty in the Bush, where they depend on seasonal work.

**Girl Guides.** Soon after my arrival I was made Division Commissioner for Northern Manitoba. My territory was 300 miles long by fifty wide, but there were

no Guides or Brownies. Muriel Secretan started the first Company and Pack in Swan River and we have been fortunate in having many good Guiders on our staff. The work closest to my heart was the Lone Guides. It brought these isolated children into touch with a world organisation and gave them high ideals, wide and wholesome interests and something to work for. Thelma Bowers was the second Lone in the whole dominion to win her First Class Badge, sometimes driving twenty miles each way in a one-horse buggy to pass a test. Muriel Hooper, who was District Commissioner, was a great help to me and succeeded me as Division Commissioner in 1946. Just before that we had the great joy and privilege of a visit from the Chief World Guide. It was her only side trip and necessitated two days' extra travelling. About 280 Guides came from far and near; sixty drove from Le Pas, a round trip of 300 miles, and ten came from Flin Flon which meant a four-day trip; the rest were the little companies and Lones round Swan River. Lady Baden-Powell thrilled the children when she told them of their sisters all over the world, and later when she shook hands and spoke to each one. At the end of the day, tired but happy Guides cooked their suppers on thirty-nine little camp fires.

**Travelling Priest and Chaplain.** We owe a great deal to our Travelling Priests and have had some splendid men acting in that capacity: Archdeacon Anderson, Canon Nelson Smith and the Rev. L. F. Wilmot. After the last left us to become Chaplain to the Forces we had a long period without, as one-third of the clergy of the diocese were serving in that capacity. During that time Canon Jacques, Rector of Swan River, did all he could to help us; also one of the Cowley Fathers from Bracebridge, Ontario, would come for two or three weeks at a time. We are particularly grateful to Fr. Lockyer, S.S.J.E., who

came several times in the summer, and Fr. Frith, S.S.J.E., who came in the winter, staying on the farm, administering the sacraments and getting himself from place to place. Padre Joy came to us after the war ; he was in bad health and could only stay eighteen months, but in that time he did much, especially among the men. In 1948 the Rev. W. A. Hunter came back : he had worked in Swan Valley previously and he has been a great help, as he already knew the country and many of the people.

**Wartime Staff.** It became increasingly difficult to get Messengers, and had it not been for fellow workers we could not have kept all our missions open or manned the two new ones. We have had many helpers who were not qualified to be Messengers, but who have been of great use. Some came for a few months, others worked for years. There are too many to mention here. but some of the more recent are Mrs. Deare, Miss Edgar, Miss Green and Miss Hickman. A great many Messengers have served for long or short periods, each making her own particular contribution to the work. Their names will be found in a complete list at the end.

**Distinguished Visitors.** Soon after our arrival in Swan River, Bishop Owen, the Bishop of Niagara (later to become Primate of Canada), came out on an Anglican survey, and I shall never forget his kind advice and continued interest in our work. In 1931 we had the pleasure and encouragement of visits from Canon Hyde, Secretary to the General Board of Missions, England, and Canon Stacy Waddy, Secretary of the S.P.G. It was a great joy to all the Messengers who had trained at St. Christopher's College, England, when Miss Newby, the Principal, in 1935 visited St. Faith's and all the Missions where her old students were working. In 1936 the Secretary of the Fellowship of the Maple Leaf in England and Mrs. Andrews came out and visited not only some of the Missions, but

also some of the homesteaders and saw something of their poverty and pluck. Canon Judd, the Social Service Secretary for the General Synod of the Church in Canada, was a most interested visitor and has always been a good friend to St. Faith's. These are just a few of those who have helped and encouraged the work by taking the trouble to see it at first hand.

**Finance.** Where has the money come from for all this work? At first the Messengers paid their own expenses, but soon others were needed who could not do so; these received a small honorarium and all expenses were paid. At the present time, besides living, travelling and medical expenses, pension premiums are paid in full and holiday and clothing bonuses are given.

Almost from the first the S.P.G. gave us a grant of £100, which was taken over by the Missionary Society of the Church in Canada during the war. The Mothers' Union in England has for twenty years sent us £50.

The Guild of St. Faith's was started at a drawing-room meeting in Bishop's Lodge, Brandon, in 1929, the members undertaking to pray for the work and to give not less than one dollar a year. There are now hundreds of members of the Guild all over Canada and other parts of the world, and there are large and flourishing branches, each with its own executive committee, in Ottawa, Toronto and Montreal. Last year the Canadian members contributed \$946.90 and the English £185. Only part of this can be sent to Canada, but the rest is used for equipment and training.

The Fellowship of the Maple Leaf has been helping the work since 1931. Before the war it entirely supported the Missions of Wabowden, Pelly and Eriksdale, besides contributing generously to other parts of the work. As a result of the dollar situation the F.M.L. is now limited in what can be sent, but very substantial grants are still

received. The F.M.L. pays also the travelling expenses, pensions and National Health premiums of many of the English Messengers.

The Women's Auxiliary of the Church of England in Canada has become increasingly interested in the work of St. Faith's. The Dominion Board gives a grant of \$1,500 a year, the Diocesan Boards make special donations, and many W.A. branches are corporate members of the Guild of St. Faith's. The Dioceses of Brandon, Qu'Appelle and Rupertsland all support the work of their own Missions to some extent; the Missions are becoming more self-supporting, so if help from England should have to cease there is no doubt that the Church in Canada will carry on.

**Resignations.** In April, 1949, I sent my resignation to the Bishop, to take effect in September. A couple of years previously it had been arranged at our conference that in future the senior Messenger would be elected to serve for three years. The Messengers assembled at St. Faith's in May for the election, with the Archdeacon of Brandon acting for the Bishop, and Muriel Hooper was elected. She had been at St. Faith's in 1929 for several months and returned to us in 1936 after spending several years on the Railway Mission in South Africa.

At the end of 1949, Bishop Thomas, the first Bishop of Brandon, retired after twenty-five years. I quote from Miss Hooper's Guild Letter dated January, 1950: "At present in the Diocese of Brandon we are Bishop's Messengers without a Bishop. We were founded as Bishop's Messengers and Bishop Thomas was our Father-in-God in every way. In those early days he never withheld his advice and wise counsel in the slightest detail. Many young people now widely scattered will remember all their lives the 'realness' of their confirmation in the little school house, when it was not too much trouble for their Bishop to come and confirm them however small the

group." These confirmations did much to build up the Church in outlying districts and many from other Churches asked to be prepared after being present at such a service.

Archdeacon Norris, who was our first Travelling Priest, was elected in February to be Bishop and was consecrated on April 16th. With the resignation of the Bishop and myself, the first chapter of the work of the Bishop's Messengers of St. Faith's is closed, and we thank God for all the wondrous ways in which He has led us. We look forward with great confidence to the future under the able leadership of the new Bishop and Miss Hooper and her excellent staff.

## APPENDIX

## LIST OF BISHOP'S MESSENGERS OF ST. FAITH'S.

Marguerita D. Fowler	...	...	Commissioned	1928
Margaret Robertson	...	...	"	1930
Muriel Williamson	...	...	"	1930
Jean Ingram	...	...	"	1930
Rosalie Pennell	...	...	"	1931
Betty Maxtead	...	...	"	1931
Elsie Marriott	...	...	"	1932
Ena Harrold	...	...	"	1932
Lily Freeman	...	...	"	1934
Peggy Parker	...	...	"	1934
Olive Thompson	...	...	"	1935
Jessie Sewell	...	...	"	1935
Muriel Hooper	...	...	"	1936
Winifred Alderson	...	...	"	1936
Marjorie Snow	...	...	"	1937
Clare Adams	...	...	"	1938
Alma Turnbull	...	...	"	1938
Elaine Walker	...	...	"	1938
Agnes Edwards	...	...	"	1939
Margaret Haslam	...	...	"	1939
Laura Wagstaff	...	...	"	1939
Frances Wilmot	...	...	"	1939
Georgina Husband	...	...	"	1942
Adelaide Moss	...	...	"	1942
Elsie McGee	...	...	"	1942
Monica Rhodes	...	...	"	1942
Mary Andrewes	...	...	"	1943
Kathleen Shepherd, S.P.G. Missionary from Japan				
Eleanor Postans, Deaconess	...	...	"	1947
Marjorie Barlee	...	...	"	1947
Gladys Goodacre	...	...	"	1948
Margaret Newton, Deaconess	...	...	"	1948
Thelma Tanner	...	...	"	1949
Cecily De Sausmarez	...	...	"	1949
Valentine Vaughan Johnson	...	...	"	1949
Helen Whitten	...	...	"	1949





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